

Chanel Ribbons

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Chanel Ribbons

by [bargainkat \(discountsimp\)](#)

Summary

“Clay, your tutor is here.” One of the maid’s voice rang through the speaker in his room. He rolled his eyes, moving his finger to the intercom button on his desk lazily.

“Send him up.”

Or, Dream failed out of his senior year of high school, and his wealthy parents hire him a tutor. He has an affinity for high end fashion design, and has finally found his muse.

Notes

hello! this has not been beta'd or proofread, so apologies in advance. Shoutout to [tad](#) for brainrotting this with me like two months ago, it's finally here! hope yall enjoy <3

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

“Intelligence is sexy.”

A mantra that had been rammed through his skull time and time again after multiple low performing grades on reports that never seemed to end. His mother always kept quiet as his father berated him, sipping on dry whiskey with a cigar dangling out of the corner of his mouth. Dream had never taken a particular liking to either of his parents, however he didn’t have a choice in the matter of his life at this point. No, at the ripe age of eighteen, he’d already been held back a grade, doomed to repeat his senior year of high school.

To spare the embarrassment of walking crowded hallways full of kids that were under the impression that he’d graduated with his class, he’d opted for home schooling. Of course that meant spending treacherous mornings sat at the dining room table with his parents who couldn’t care less about his existence. Funneling money into his trust fund on a monthly basis to keep him out of their hair seemed to be their preferred form of parenting. If he needed to complain about school work, a deposit was made. If he tried sneaking out with his old football friends, another deposit made in place to deter him from such activities. It was an endless cycle of “money solves everything”, and he despised it.

He’d begun to care less and less about his homework and studies, subconsciously trying to gain any form of attention from his parents. So, although he was excited when they’d called him down for a special family breakfast where they would be discussing his academics, part of his body filled with the anxiety of knowing the outcome wouldn’t necessarily be positive.

“Clay, we received a report from your online professors. Your grades have dropped severely below an adequate level. You haven’t submitted your assignments in over two weeks, even when granted extensions. I am very disappointed.” His father mumbled, pouring whiskey from a flask into his crystalline glass of orange juice. Dream rolled his eyes, slumping back against his seat as he shoved a piece of bacon in his mouth.

“We’ve had this discussion time and time again, Clay. You will not get anywhere in life by failing through school. You need to get into an ivy league school, you need to graduate with honors. Otherwise, how will I leave the legacy of our name in your hands?” His father prodded, taking a sip of his mixed drink with a scowl, never making eye contact. Dream let out a huff, gnawing away at the crisp piece of bacon in his mouth.

“Clay please listen to your father, we’re worried about you.” His mother added, sipping from her tall stemmed glass of champagne as she read through a column in a magazine.

“Maybe I don’t want to take over the family business.” He mumbled, taking another savory bite.

“Oh really? And what will become of you? This life doesn’t make itself you know, it comes from hard work and dedicated time and energy for business model planning.” His father argued, taking another sip as he poked at the scrambled eggs that steamed on his plate.

“Yeah, the hard work of the employees you’re exploiting, I’m sure.” He sassed back, taking another bite as his father finally shot a look at him deadly enough to kill an army. Dream smirked at the reaction, somewhat enjoying the tension that hung between them.

“Clayton!” His mother shouted, exasperated, eyes wide with terror.

“You ungrateful bastard.” His father hissed, slamming his glass against the table. The cocktail splashed at the force, spilling out across his hand as his face burned red, glaring Dream down.

“What? Am I wrong?” Dream asked, tauntingly, knowing this wasn’t going to go anywhere good any time soon. He felt pride surge through his veins like a shot of adrenaline at the sight of his father in such disarray.

“I’m going to the office, take care of this issue with *your son* .” His father spat at Dream’s mother, pushing himself up from his chair before stomping out of the dining room. Dream scoffed, rolling his eyes at his father’s childlike reaction. He may have enjoyed their conflicts a little too much. He liked the idea of disappointing his father, pushing his buttons until he snapped. The man hadn’t had a reality check in ages and Dream thought it was about damn time he did.

But he felt for his mother, in a way. Although she wasn’t ‘motherly’ in any way, she still had to take the brunt of the repercussions of Dream’s actions. Listening to his father complain on end about how much of a disappointment he was, ramblings of his misdeeds and inability to ‘grow up and make a man out of himself’. So he did feel for her, however she never did anything to help him or side with him... let alone understand where he was coming from. So those feelings were always pushed aside by the rage that he felt towards his father.

“Clayton, please don’t upset your father like that, it’s unbecoming. You know he only wants the best for you.” she said with a sigh, sipping again at her mimosa. Dream sat upright, nibbling at

the scrambled eggs that were lackluster to say the least. He just wanted to get this day and every day to follow over with. Steam from his breakfast swirled around his face, enticing him to just ignore his mother's words and simply fill his empty stomach so he could hide out in his room for the rest of this miserable day. But those plans weren't going to go his way, just like everything.

"You need help, Clayton." his mother added, waving a staff member away after they poured more bubbling champagne into her glass.

"Don't call me that. You know I don't like it." he mumbled, shoving another forkful of tasteless eggs in his mouth. His mother took another sip, and he began to wonder if drinking the day away was actually a decent idea when she had to put up with his father.

"It's your name, the name I gave you. I'll call you by it if I please." She replied lazily, flipping the page in her magazine as her eyes scanned the pages. Dream brought a slice of toast to his mouth, reveling in the flavors of sweet strawberry preserves that finally provided some sort of flavor to his otherwise dull breakfast.

"A given name isn't always what people prefer though. Your given name isn't *mother*, but it's what you prefer I call you. I can just start calling you *Karen* if we wanna play by your rules." He retorted, taking another bite of his jam covered toast with a smug look on his face, watching his mother intently for any sense of a response. But she remained stoic, taking another sip of her mimosa to finish off the glass before setting it down next to the magazine, flipping the page once again to admire it further.

"You call me mother because that's what I am to you. It's a matter of respect, Clayton. Another lesson you need to learn sooner rather than later." She replied properly, her tone devoid of emotion. Dream had had enough, he was bored of the morning already and just wanted to be alone. He pushed out from the table, shoving the last bit of his toast in his mouth before standing to walk away.

"Speaking of lessons..." His mother interrupted, lifting her gaze to finally meet his, her eyes bored and lifeless as she spoke. "We've come to the agreement that you're in need of a tutor. Your grades are lacking and you need to pass high school in order to continue on to college."

"I don't need a tutor, *mother* ." He hissed, pushing his chair in forcefully as its legs screeched across the floor.

"You do, and you'll treat him with respect. He will be here at noon." His mother replied, her tone switching from dull to serious as she eyed him down. She wasn't one for being stern, but her voice

and piercing stare were commanding, and he began to understand why she was suited for his father. If anyone could stand up to him, or at least match his ferocity, it was her. Those eyes could kill a dead man walking if she gave him the right look.

“And what exactly is *he* supposed to help me with?” He asked, shooting his mother a bored look as he rested against the back of his chair.

“All of your coursework, he’ll be reviewing your grades and what you’ve been struggling with, and will form a lesson plan from there. Be grateful, Clayton… Your father wanted to send you back to the school to finish out your high school education. I thought I’d save you the *embarrassment* .” She stated plainly, the power in her voice hauntingly floating around the dining room.

Dream let out a groan, excusing himself silently as he trudged back up the stairs and into his room. Each step felt more grudging than the last, tauntingly leading up a semi spiraling incline that he’d be safe at the top of, but pulling on his legs with every new lift. He wasn’t ungrateful for his life, he knew he was privileged in a way to be living in a mansion with a room to himself that was larger than most apartments and small homes. But that didn’t mean he didn’t loathe the lifestyle that came with it.

No amount of money thrown in his bank account could take away the undeniable and venom flavored desire he had to run away from it all. The biggest perk to living in the richest part of Orlando was that when he eventually graduated high school, he’d be able to leave the damned place forever. He could go to school wherever he wanted to, merits meant nothing when you could buy your way into college. Was it privileged and calloused thinking? Definitely. Could he give less of a fuck if it meant getting as far away from his parents as possible? Absolutely not.

He’d dreamt of New York City. Dreamt of walking the streets of the upper east side to stop in at every designer store he could lay his eyes on. He envisioned his life in a loft apartment with a view of the city, looking down on people walking the streets during all hours, watching the city lights sparkle against the dark sky at night. He’d be able to attend fashion week shows, watching models strut down runways in designs that maybe would belong to him one day.

His father’s business was one of pretty much owning other businesses and real estate, creating a never-ending chain of wealth all funneling back up to him. He’d never cared about who got hurt in the way, signing contracts and legal documents to tear down homeless shelters and family run businesses just so he could build a new apartment complex or office building in their wake. His father thought very little of anyone below his stature, or anyone in general, for that matter. Dream included.

So it wasn’t surprising when Dream had failed to tell his parents about his passion for design and fashion. They’d fallen under the pretense that he wore designer everything because, well, they

were rich and he could. His father thought highly of his closet, always shoveling a little extra money into his trust fund just so he could dress dripping in brand names that reeked of wealth and success.

Dream, however, enjoyed the seamless fashion in which the threads pulled together *so perfectly* that a piece of clothing looked flawless. He liked the specialized and hand-crafted detail that went into the embellishments and the sheen of polished leathers and silks. Every fabric sewn and strung together with precision that he could run his fingers over was enticing. He wanted to make something out of them, he wanted to make everything out of them, watching them draped around societally perfect bodies and shown off to the world. He craved stage lights reflecting perfectly against rounded shoulders and precisely draped folds that could be perceived as nothing but flawless.

There were schools that he'd already sent his designs to, other designers his work had been shared with that encouraged him to study in New York City. In order to go however, he had to have a high school diploma or GED. Otherwise, they couldn't allow him in. He understood, as much as he hated it, he understood. He decided then that having a tutor guide him towards leaving was the only path to follow, so he'd be polite and work hard as long as they didn't try to force him into becoming a reflection of his father.

"Clay, your tutor is here." One of the maid's voice rang through the speaker in his room. He rolled his eyes, moving his finger to the intercom button on his desk lazily.

"Send him up." He replied flatly, pulling his finger away from the button as he opened his coursework tab on his computer. The assignments listed taunted him, begging for two thousand word essays and 'work shown' on equations he'd never been able to focus on.

Words melted together into incoherent nothingness, letters scrambling across his screen annoyingly until he couldn't fathom comprehending them any further. The only thing that pulled him out of his daze was the soft sound of knuckles wrapping against his door. He turned from the screen, eyeing his reflection on the mirrored back of it. His hair was slightly disheveled, unkempt from his restlessness the night before. He'd thankfully pulled on a pair of Gucci track pants and a t-shirt with the well known logo embroidered onto it, he'd be an idiot to be seen in anything less than somewhat fashionable.

"Come in." He shouted lightly, slumping back in his chair as the door creaked open.

A slim brunette appeared from behind the opening door, dark umber eyes meeting viridian as they locked their gaze. Dream took a once over of the boy, a high black turtleneck clinging tightly to his body with a pale blue blazer on top, slim fitting black pants cuffed at the bottom while well worn out high top converse covered his feet. The outfit was *okay*, not his particular liking, but okay

nonetheless. The blazer was a size too big, the pants rolled presumably for lack of tailoring, but *damn* the colors worked well against the boy's alabaster skin and lightly flushed cheeks.

"Hi, I'm Clay." He introduced himself, nodding the boy towards him while remaining planted in his chair.

"Going by 'Clay' now, are we?" the boy retorted, closing the door behind himself before stepping further into the room.

Dream pinched his brow in confusion, sneering lightly as the brunette neared him. He tried to place why the hell he'd asked that, why he was acting so casually already as he strode through the room, looking around at the minimalistic décor.

"What?"

"Well, last I saw you, you were going by 'Dream'. Something about not wanting to be what your parents wanted you to be." he replied casually, pulling a messenger bag from his shoulder to set next to Dream's desk.

He... knew him? He knew him as Dream? The blonde racked his brain for any recollection of the, admittedly, pretty boy. Wondering where he could place him, but falling short everywhere his mind wandered.

"I'm sorry, but how do you know me?" he questioned, ensuring his voice didn't come out rudely, but more curious of all things.

"Ah, I see. I mean, I know I was quiet in school, but I kinda hoped you'd remember me after six years of sharing almost every class together."

Dream was rendered speechless, watching the boy seat himself on the bench at the foot of his bed. He scanned his face, over and over again, trying to place him in seats in his old classrooms. Searching those old hallways for signs of chocolate eyes and waving tufts of fluffy brown hair. Maybe he'd been narcissistically distracted, only looking to his teammates and their cheerleading girlfriends everywhere he went. Maybe he'd spent too much time lost in his own train of thought as he sketched away the hours of his classes. He'd have had to in order to miss someone as visually stunning as the boy in his room.

“George... George Davidson. We actually did quite a few group projects together as well.” the brunette added, smirking no doubtedly at Dream’s lost reaction.

His accent and sweet pink lips. *That’s* what Dream remembered. He remembered his voice being higher, he remembered watching him speak and the way his lips would move while doing so. He remembered comparing them to a soft, pastel pink silk he’d seen on a Chanel gown while shopping with his mother, and finding that same gown in her closet that night to run his fingers over the sleek fabric. *George*.

“Holy fuck... I am so sorry. Of course I know who you are. I remember... wow.” Dream fumbled on his own words, searching for anything appropriate to say the moment those pretty pink lip’s color spread across George’s cheeks like a blush of cotton candy dispersing into a soft sunset sky dotted with freckled stars.

“A man of many words, no wonder your parents hired a tutor for you.”

He felt embarrassed for a moment, realizing someone he’d known, or that had known him, was going to be tutoring him through the remainder of his high school degree. He’d realized that he’d spent so much time trying to fit in with the title bestowed on him as the “rich and popular” kid that he’d missed out on some of the truer beauties that had surrounded him.

Maybe he was right, maybe there were more stunning and wonderful things outside of the world he’d been forced to live within. If he’d paid more attention to people outside of his circle in school, he’d have noticed umber eyes that shone like dark and polished leather shoes, or tufts of brunette hair that settled in on itself so perfectly like the furs lining coat collars and cuffs. He’d have been able to rake over alabaster skin so flawlessly shining under overhead lighting like the satins that strung corsets together so perfectly.

“I’m sorry, I should have paid more attention to you in school.” was all he could manage, eyes still tracing over the shapes in George’s collar bones protruding from under his turtleneck, the slim slope of his shoulders that would be accentuated much better in a different blazer.

“It’s fine, really. You’re stuck with me for the next three months anyways, so I’m sure you can try to make up for it during that time.” George assured with a sneaky glint of sarcasm twinkling in those all too entrancing chocolate eyes.

And then his ego bruised like merlot staining stark white cotton. He shouldn’t have cared about what his old school “friends” would have thought about him having to repeat part of his senior year of college. He’d already told them he was deferring for a semester and that he’d have a

college announcement within the coming months. But he'd be damned if they found out he'd need to repeat some of his classes, especially with a tutor's help being a necessity in that.

"You're not... Gonna tell people about this, right?" he found himself asking, biting his tongue hard enough to draw blood as he did, even further embarrassed as to why he *cared* so damn much about what they thought.

"Who would I tell, Dream? I wasn't exactly *in* with the popular crowd." George emphasized with hand quotations, rolling his eyes lightly. Dream thought the white in his eyes in contrast with the chocolate was enticing, the starkness in hues comparable to a Louis Vuitton collection he could pull from his own closet.

He shook his head lightly, letting a small laugh escape. "You know, you're right. Let's start over," he said, holding out his hand, "I'm Dream."

"George." the brunette replied confidently, thin fingers adorned with a single silver signet ring wrapping around his own. They were *perfect*, long and dainty, the kind of hands that photographers would *swoon* over should they be allowed to cover them in golden chains and picture under golden hour sunsets.

His mind wandered a lot, connecting textures and shapes to that which he could ultimately design into eye-catching pieces of clothing. Pieces of artwork that people could dawn on any city street or beach side. Flavors, feelings, and emotions he could emulate by simply stringing pieces of cloth together with seamless fashion and integrity. So with such an intrinsically stunning human sitting in front of him, an entire canvas of opportunity began to unfold.

"You're staring." George commented, pulling him from his daze. He should have let go of his hand, should have retreated into himself, but he couldn't, *not yet*.

"Yeah, I am. You're just... You're really fucking pretty." he whispered in an exasperated fashion, breathlessly overwhelmed by the beauty he'd regret ignoring for years past.

He didn't think anything could have made George more stunning than the soft pink glow lingering under his lightly freckled cheeks. That was, until that pink darkened in hue to resemble sweet saccharine strawberries while ivory teeth bit down on ever reddening lips. He looked more delicious with every ounce of fluster that graced his features.

“I- I just, uhm...” he pulled his hand away sheepishly, pulling it behind his head to ruffle through the ends of his waves curling at the base of his skull. Dream tried not to smirk too harshly, letting his features settle with as much genuine sincerity that he could muster up.

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to make you uncomfortable.” he gestured out with his hands, apologetically bowing his head as if it would make George less flustered... or hopefully *more*.

“No, no it’s not that... It’s- I just... I don’t get complimented like that often. Not by people like you.” he spoke nervously. *Adorable*.

“People *like* me?” Dream questioned with a cocked eyebrow, trying to catch umber eyes in his own as the brunette shook lightly with visible nervousness. Dream reached out, gently resting his hand atop the boy’s thigh, just above his knee. George lifted his gaze, falling directly into the staring contest that melted the room around them into nothingness.

“It’s usually just random girls or creepy old men, weirdos at bars... people that don’t really mean much in the matter of opinions.” Dream felt George’s thigh tense under his touch, muscles tightening together under *his* influence. *Even more adorable*.

“So, my opinion matters to you?” he questioned further, pushing his luck to just the edge of no return, a slope he was almost positive he wouldn’t fall over without those pretty, slender fingers entangled within his own.

George smirked lightly, rolling his eyes again in a way that was becoming far too familiar and even more addicting. Onyx eyelashes settled against milky skin in a feather-like fashion, unbelievably soft and undeniably greater in comparison to that of minks fur that snobs would spend thousands on having. *Beautiful*.

“What matters to me,” George started, standing from the bench to grab his bag again, ruffling through it until he found a particular notebook, “is your education. I’m getting paid to tutor you, so we’re gonna get on with that.”

Dream relented, pulling his hand away to allow George to “get on” with whatever coursework plans he had laid out for them. It was interesting, really. He never thought he’d actually be genuinely interested in school, or subjects that didn’t involve fashion in any way. But something about hearing the brunette ramble on about the calculus and physics classes he’d need to pass was enticing.

Graphing and solving equations sounded like honey stirred in searing hot tea when the words fell off the tongue of someone so intelligent and well spoken. His accent, the proper form in the way he rounded his vowels and left off his enunciations of some words felt smoother than the pleats in a freshly procured satin blouse. His voice was still high in pitch at times, but *rich* with an undertone of masculinity that shaped his squared jawline. Of course watching George speak was more intriguing than the actual words pouring from such a beautiful mouth, but those words seemed to seep into his mind with a staining ability he couldn't fathom.

George was left-handed, something Dream teased him lightly for, only earning him that soft pink glow to creep up to the tip of the brunette's ears. He'd noticed simple earrings, a small silver hoop pierced through each earlobe, dangling closely to his skin. He thought the sheen of the metal would look even prettier under moonlight or muted blue projections. Especially with the hint of pink that settled from embarrassed flusterment, the cotton candy pastels were one that he *knew* would make their way into a future collection he'd put together.

Perhaps he'd make an entire collection that was George-centric. Soft, pastel colors, accentuated by deep, rich browns, and sheens of silver accents. He was a new muse, maybe the only muse Dream had ever fully considered focusing fully on until he was able to pull every color and texture from his being to make into something only half as beautiful. Something people would drape across their bodies in hopes that they could even come close to outshining the actual god-like wonder that was *George*.

"So I just need you to have the essay drafted for english lit, and the first two pages of worksheets for calculus done by tomorrow when I get here. Can you do that?" George's voice rang through his mind. He shook himself from his daze, glancing at his monitor to see they'd been at it for well over five hours.

"Done already?" he asked stupidly, watching George close his books and begin to file them back into his messenger bag. It was impossible, really, for him not to fawn over every movement the boy made. Stark blue and muted lilac veins straining under alabaster skin as his wrists bent and flexed to move books and papers around. George was a color palette Dream would find himself envisioning forever.

"No wonder you need me, too stuck in those daydreams of yours. I guess we'll see how much you actually paid attention when I review your work tomorrow."

The finality of his words seemed teasing enough in a way, the same taunting manner in which unstitched pleats threatened to part when one didn't understand the integrity and strength of the material creasing them together. Part of him didn't want George to leave, that part of him held the desire to keep listening to the way George spoke and keep watching the ways the pink of his lips would stretch across his soft cheeks to make them crinkle in on themselves.

He was a gentleman, at least he liked to think he was as he walked George back down the stairs and to the front door. Watching him leave was heartbreakingly in a way, but he found himself lucky to be able to memorize the shape of his narrow shoulders and slim waist as he walked away and got back into his car that was definitely on its last breadth of life. They'd parted with a final wave as George settled into his car, fiddling with an aux cord until music could be heard emanating from behind the glass shield of the windows on his car.

He wouldn't have called himself *obsessed*, per se. No, obsession was erratic and uncontrollable.

Dream simply found himself walking back up to his room, locking his door behind him before stepping into his vastly large closet. Color coordinated and perfectly pressed pieces of clothing dangling from wooden hangers, white cabinets and shelves illuminated by installed string lights, a circular velvet couch sitting in the middle of the room. It's crimson material was soft to the touch, shifting in hue as he ran his fingers over it with a feather-like touch. He'd spent far too much time laying on that couch, admiring his reflection from every angle in whatever pieces he'd put himself into.

Mirrors covered the walls and ceiling wherever clothes weren't on display, reflecting every movement and any sign of a flaw in the materials. He'd spend hours on end laying on that cushion, sketching away through a book filled with pages on pages of his own designs and creations. Slim figures layered with different fabrics, his own zoomed in drawings of precise angles of shoulders on coats and the exact measurements of fur lining collars.

He'd only noticed he'd been sketching and coloring in designs for far too long when his stomach beckoned him to traverse down to the kitchen. He'd gone through at least fifteen pages of his sketchbook, meticulously letting his pencil fall against the paper, staining it with the shapes of a slender waist and tightly knit shoulders. A back and spine curvature that was far too delicate and enticing to belong under an un-tailored blazer. Wrists with bones protruding *just enough* to accentuate the glint of a silver bracelet that would lead into delicate chains connecting to banded rings.

Maybe he *was* obsessed. Maybe George had filled every page he'd laid his hands on that night. Maybe he didn't care.

Honesty wasn't something that required audibility. It was something, rather, visible and intricate. A blooming sense of reality that could be felt rather than spoken.

Less than obvious glances at each other while George would read over Dream's assignments and coursework, the occasional brush of fingers and thighs as they would sit closer than would be expected for a tutor and a student. It had become obvious that George was *aware* of the status of the home he was coming to every day, dawning newer outfits that seemed to match the 'high class' lifestyle, as if he needed to impress the owners of the home, or Dream himself.

The second day George had shown up, he'd been wearing chalky corduroy pants, cuffed above his same worn out converse shoes, and a button down lavender shirt that had been tucked as neatly as he could manage into his pants. After only a few hours, he ended up rolling his sleeves to cuff just below his elbows, and Dream thought the soft hue of purple looked far too close in comparison to that of the soft petals of a hyacinth bleached by the sun.

The third day George had arrived, he'd worn a more simple white button down with short sleeves, and simple black pants. But of course, his feet were dawnd with those converse that looked as if they'd been worn for the past four years without a break. It was endearing in a way, that he had somewhat of a staple to his closet despite the outfit that graced the rest of his body.

Throughout the following days and weeks, George's outfits became a little more repetitive. He would switch around which tops he paired with whichever bottoms, but his closet couldn't have held more than the few pieces he draped himself with on a daily basis. And as *adorable* as Dream found his simple wardrobe, he craved putting George in cloth worthy of settling across his protruding collarbones and milky smooth skin.

So when George arrived for their tutoring session a month after they'd initially began, Dream couldn't help but smile when the brunette's wandering eyes fell heavily on the new boxes and bags laid out across his comforter. He knew George was curious, he could taste it in his golden aura that seemed to follow him like a shooting star in the day, outshining any harsh ray of sunlight that could fall against Floridian pavement.

"Looks like someone went shopping." George mumbled, setting his familiar messenger bag on the ground next to Dream's desk. There was a light backwards nod to the obvious pile of high end names embossed in the expensive packaging, but Dream was far too enraptured by the twinkling glint of curiosity that he'd expected to linger in George's umber eyes.

"I did, actually. Wanna see what I got?" he asked casually, leaning back in his chair with his arms propped behind his head. He wanted to look laid back, wanted to play the part of innocence funded by his parents inability to, well, *parent* properly.

George rolled his eyes, settling back on Dream with a smirk. "We should probably get started on

your lessons for the day, Dream.”

It was scolding, faux power of position more fake than the leather bounding the notebook he marked their lesson plans in. And Dream liked it, even when he wasn’t one for anything feigned, he liked it coming from George.

“Just-- can’t we be *friends* for just like, ten minutes? Set aside the tutoring and class work for a little bit?” he pleaded, pouting out his bottom lip to earn any sympathy points he could manage. George let out a sigh, dropping his shoulders as he slowly made his way towards the edge of the mattress.

“Friends... I don’t know if you flaunting your wealth while I’m being paid to be here is what I’d necessarily call ‘friendship’.”

Dream scoffed, pulling his arms from behind his head to move from his chair to the bed. He seated himself atop the mattress comfortably, trying to let George know he was more than welcome without spoiling the surprise that remained wrapped under titles like Gucci and Louis Vuitton.

“Just, open them.”

George traced his fingers daintily over the lettering on a particular orange bag, lips barely parting as the name fell under his touch. Designer and high end seemed incomparable to the beauty that was the chocolate haired brit, the bright and burnt orange falling dull under the glorious shade of alabaster and pastel nail beds. Dream watched as George moved his fingers up to the black satin ribbon tying the bag together, easily loosening the bow and letting the elegant material fall against his comforter as the brunette released it from his gentle grasp.

A box was pulled from within the bag, rich in comparison to the bright color of the bag, still looking as if it was nothing more than cardboard when hands carved from heavenly marble settled it against the bed. George pulled the box open, unfolding the protective layer of tissue paper to reveal the stack of professionally folded and pressed button down shirts. His fingers, which Dream had begun to realize were maybe one of his favorite parts of George’s body, traced over the golden embroidery of the LV on the pocket of the top shirt, breath catching in his throat as he did.

“It’s so... clean. I don’t know if that’s the word I’m looking for, really. But it’s nice.”

And Dream wanted to tell him right then that it was just for him, and only for him, but he wanted to

wait. He wanted to watch George carefully open the remainder of the packages and run his fingers over every material and variant of metal clasps and hand sewn designs.

“You should open another.” he encouraged, nodding towards the rest of the pile.

And he watched. He watched George settle onto the mattress until he was comfortable, watched him use that same light touch as he opened each bag and untied each ribbon. Silk fell across George’s hands as he pulled ascots and blouses from bags like a fresh water stream trickling over pebbles under springtime sun. Uncalloused fingers traveled across the expanse of leather as if it were paper thin glass, and chiffon ruffled *perfectly* against his forearms as he moved shawls and robes from their packages.

“Not to be rude, but I think you might have bought a few of these in sizes too small.” George whispered, opening the last box that Dream knew held a new messenger bag.

“Well,” he started, watching George furrow his brow as he realized what was sitting inside of the final package. “they’re not for me. This is all for you.”

“Dream--”

“Just, take it all. My parents may be paying you to be here, but I’d rather say thank you in my own way.” he offered, hating himself for getting lost in the perfect slope of George’s nose while it flushed pink.

“It’s just-- This is a very *expensive* way of saying ‘thank you’, Dream.” George spoke shyly, that tone from before that harbored professionalism and an assumed state of power falling victim to his own lower income lifestyle he’d grown used to. He and Dream had discussed it one day when they’d taken a break for snacks, discussed that George had never really had money in his life. Dream thought he deserved the world and more. Dream thought he *was* the world, and more.

“And if I didn’t spend it on you, the money would just sit in my account waiting for some European getaway that I’d only be able to half enjoy.”

“Are you sure you just don’t like the way I dress?” George replied, and it was teasing enough in a light hearted manner that Dream realized they finally *were* friends.

But of course desire was insatiable. It tasted like strawberry lips twinkling with saccharine sugar and wanton promise of ‘see you tomorrow, Dream’. Nothing George did was inherently sexual, of course. No, he was sealed as tight as the feeble satin ribbons tying the designer packaging together, only to be untied and opened by the gentlest touch. It was in the way his eyes would wander to Dream as he studied, the way he would catch him staring the same way Dream would do to him. There was a want, a *need* to know what could be if they tiptoed past that line of student and tutor.

A line that would have been less visible if he’d just paid a little more attention when he’d been in uniform at school.

“I love the way you dress, I just wanted to give you more options.” he replied nonchalantly, smiling kindly as his own face flushed from the honesty of his confession.

“Macy’s would have sufficed, but, thank you. I appreciate it all. Not sure how I’m going to get it all back to my parent’s house though.”

“I can just come with you, help you carry it all in.” It was an offer he hadn’t considered the severity of before he let it slip off his tongue like smooth pinot noir.

“Well, I’m not sure I’m ready for you to meet my parents, but I’ll consider it.”

The musky undertones of whiskey had never been his favorite. Especially when the flavor itself only settled on his tongue from the lewd breath of his father’s associates while smoke from cigars swirled in the air. He hated being dragged along to business functions, even more so when he was the only one his age there, being talked down on as if he were a stain on his family’s name.

He sat at a lonely table, watching women with fake plumped lips and botox filled wrinkles sip away at champagne and other bubbling liquids in place of actually consuming any of the food prepared for them. High society was notorious for portraying an image of perfection, and as much as he adored the clothing that came with it, he despised the majority of people wearing them.

There was a longing settled in his shoulders for the meals he’d started sharing with George’s family. The first day he’d met them, they’d been nothing but kind. They asked him about his interests, they laughed together and bounced conversation around the table as easily as breathing

while drinking home brewed coffee and specially made salmon and vegetables.

Those nights had become more frequent, study sessions ending with Dream in the passenger seat of George's car while soft and airy music filtered between them and out the open windows.

Everything had fallen unspoken, whether it be Dream standing *too* close to George with his chest pressed against the brunette's back, or his hand settling on the curve of his lithe waist.

They didn't even talk about the first time they'd bumped hands underneath the dinner table and ended up curling their pinkies together. The car rides to take Dream back home we're his favorite. Both of them humming along to whatever music George had shuffled, while their fingers danced lazily together in his lap, refusing to be anything but intertwined.

It's what he wanted in that moment. He wanted to be taken away from the white pillars and twelve foot hit windows that let the morning sun blare into the room as if it had a personal invitation. He craved beige painted walls adorned with old and tarnished frames holding pictures of George and his family smiling. He wanted to feel his fingers be taken held captive under a tablecloth while a converse covered ankle hooked around his own.

"Clayton, look sharp. Your father's biggest investors are here, sit up straight." And of course fate would never be so kind. As his mother scolded him, he eyed the other women surrounding her, all prim and proper with some form of alcohol nestled under their diamond rings.

"I have tutoring soon, George is going to be kept waiting." he protested, sneering at one of the women in particular who he'd always found distasteful.

"And he can wait, I'm sure he'd appreciate the extra pay."

It was insulting. The words fell from her mouth like venom and he felt it seer through his veins like the poisonous toxin that it was meant to me. It burned an ugly red, ugly and horrendous as it leached onto his heart.

"Don't talk about him like that." he spat that same venom right back out, seething as he glared at the woman he was forced to call *mother* from underneath the stray pieces of hair that fell in front of his face.

"Be respectful, Clayton. Or we'll send you home."

“That’s exactly where I want to be.”

The look of shock lining his mother’s face was new, something that was able to push past her ever expensive botox treatments and crease her foundation. The women around her gasped lightly and began conversing in hushed whispers around her, all glaring at him as if he’d just killed someone.

A strong hand clasped around his shoulder as he pushed himself up from his seat, freezing him where he stood. He knew what that hand was. It wasn’t the firm grip of a security guard or anyone he had become acquainted with while attending events with his father. No, that hand belonged to the man himself, and Dream detested the moment his grimey fingers dared taint the fabric of his blazer.

“Out. Now. You’re not wanted here. Fucking *disappointment* .” his father cursed, the putrid smell of whiskey and cigar smoke snaking its way over his shoulder and into his senses.

Dream jerked his shoulder away, stepping to the side to avoid any further contact from anyone in the room. He met his father’s glare as he walked backwards out of the room, refusing to break the staring contest until one of his father’s acquaintances placed a hand on the man’s back to guide him back to the conversation he’d come from. It was funny, really, to Dream at least. He’d never wanted to go in the first place, and now here he was being kicked out for being *exactly* himself.

He’d texted George to let him know he’d be late, but that he was on his way home, tugging at the tie around his neck as he made his way down into one of the various sleek black cars that would drive him home.

Even the car ride wasn’t preferred. Sleek leather was uncomfortable in comparison to the worn down seats in George’s car. The air didn’t smell like lemon from those little pine tree air fresheners he hung from his rear view mirror. There was no music, no sweetly soft humming, no squeaking breaks or shaking steering wheel when they would turn corners. Nothing was as good or as enticing as it was when he was with George. And he knew that now.

He’d grown so fond of the brit, grown to love every small detail about him. The faint constellations of freckles dotting his cheeks that would flush pink before they deepened into crimson that would paint his ears. The flecks of gold and honey that would swim around his iris delightfully in a sea of chocolate. The way his nervously bitten lips would swell while he adamantly read over Dream’s essays and physics assignments. George was *everything* he’d never understood he’d wanted, something money could never buy. Even if his parents *did* pay him to be there.

All he wanted was George, even if everything were to stay exactly the same and all touches and glances were to remain unspoken, he just wanted to be around him. When George had texted back, he'd said he'd be waiting at Dream's desk for him and that he was going to read over the assignments from the previous night.

What he wasn't expecting was to walk into his room to find his closet open and George seated on that damned velvet couch.

"George?" he questioned, eyeing his sketchbook settled in the brunette's lap. George's head shot up, wide eyes meeting Dream's as he realized he'd been caught.

"You're home... I—I didn't. I'm sorry I just, I spilled some tea on my shirt and one of the maids said I could borrow one of yours. I—I found this while I was looking around. I'm sorry." he stammered, trying to form an apology. Dream thought it was cute.

He wasn't mad, he wasn't upset or disappointed. In fact, the only thing he could think about was how ethereal George's skin looked under his closet lighting, and how the back of his own shirt looked pooling over George's back in the reflection of the mirror behind the boy. He glanced at himself for a moment, pressed and well tailored black suit with a crisp white button down underneath, while his black bow tie laid messily untied around his neck and undone top buttons.

And then he looked to George again, smiling at the fact that those feigned innocent eyes were scanning over the suit he'd so desperately wanted to get out of.

"I see you found my sketchbook." he finally replied, moving to sit next to George atop the circular sofa. There was no more drawn out line of what he could and couldn't do or say, so he sat as close as he wanted to, pressing their thighs and shoulders against each other *just* to be close to him.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to pry. But... Dream these are really good. Did you make all of these? Or are these runway pieces?" George asked, running his fingers over a sketch of a gown that would one day be made of endless layers of chiffon and hand stitched roses.

"They're mine, they're all mine."

George flipped the pages slowly, revealing gowns, blouses, blazers, and more. Models drawn with different collections he'd created, fabrics he craved to find even if he had to search until the ends of the earth to find the materials to make them himself. Collections styled after his favorite passages

from greek mythology, others reminiscent of the waterfall he'd found in Italy. And then...

"Is this me?" George asked, flipping to the first page of the collection Dream had found himself working tirelessly and effortlessly on the first week they'd been reintroduced.

"It is." he replied without hesitation. George flipped the pages slowly, lingering on the drawings of himself covered in pretty pastel blues and blush pinks, sketches of sleek black silk falling off his shoulder while a belt with a silver crescent moon cinched around his waist. The drawing of his fingers covered in small chains and sapphire encrusted rings.

"These are all me? Is this... Is this a collection?" he asked shyly once again, seeming to be taken aback by the entire revelation.

"It is."

"Dream. *Why?*"

He could have taken a beat, could have thought about his words before they fell out of his mouth like an untamable and roaring waterfall. But all he wanted was for George to see how beautiful he thought he was. He wanted him to *know* he was worthy of staining the pages of a sketchbook and being made into something even more jaw dropping that people could wear forever.

"Because, you inspire me. You— everything about you is just..." he paused, taking George's hand in his. "I think you are the most beautiful person I've ever met, and I'll regret the years I didn't get to spend getting to know you more, but I wanted to make up for it in some way. I know I've been vague about my future, but I want to be a designer. And this collection... This is what I want to have walk down the runway at my first fashion week."

"Me? You made this collection because of me?" George asked in response, his words breathless and exasperated as Dream's favorite hue of pink crept across his face.

"Every piece is inspired by you. I get... obsessive, to say the least. The fabrics would be soft like your skin, the colors the same natural hues in your eyes and hair, even your natural blush like you're doing right now." he teased, earning him an eye roll that looked even more beautiful when it was reflected in all of the surrounding mirrors.

“I knew you liked fashion, but this— This is incredible, Dream. I honestly don’t know what to say right now.” he whispered, turning his gaze from the pages to meet Dream’s heavy stare.

Emerald met sparkling sapphire with dazed wonder and a half lidded stare. Proximity had never felt the undeniable pull of tension as it did then, magnetizing them to one another as the honesty he’d craved lingered between their heavy breaths. If he was going to be a disappointment to his parents, he’d at least allow himself the most blissful form of approval he could find.

“You don’t have to say anything.”

His whisper was hushed quickly by eager strawberry lips melting into his own, sugary sweet waltzing with cherry as they pressed together as if their lives depended on the feeling. Each movement felt like honey sheened silk falling in on itself, smooth and enticing as their lips moved in synchronicity. There wasn’t any recklessness as they breathed together, biting callously at bottom lips and stealing gasps from the other.

Breaths grew heavier and hands wandered anywhere they’d wanted, gripping at skin they could manage to find while fingers hurriedly fiddled with buttons against their chests. George pulled back, pressing his hand against Dream’s chest as he caught his breath, pupils blown out and glazed over with lust as his parted lips hovered above Dream’s.

“What would you put me in?” he asked between gasping breaths, leaning in to peck another lingering kiss against Dream’s lips.

“What?”

“I asked, what would you put me in? What would look good on me?” he repeated his question, moving in to kiss Dream once again before nodding to the pristine clothing hanging behind him.

“Literally everything, are we really talking about this right now?” he protested, leaning in to kiss George again. But the brunette was quick, sliding away from him and moving quickly to the rows of color coordinated clothing.

“Put me in something then.”

The demand was light, but something he would be an idiot to deny. The flush could be seen

running down the sides of George's neck, and he knew immediately what he'd drape the boy in to make him feel as beautiful as he was. Dream stood from the sofa, moving behind George as he settled a hand against his waist, breathing him in as the boy relaxed back into the touch.

"You want me to dress you up," he started, slipping his fingers under the hem of George's shirt that had been pulled from its neatly tucked placement when they'd had their lips pressed messily together. "when all I want to do..." he continued, pressing his lips against George's neck, feeling the hum he received in return vibrate against his lips, "is just the opposite."

George's hand made its way up and back, fingers tangling in Dream's hair as he continued to kiss at the soft and supple skin of the brit's neck. He reveled in the feeling of nimble fingers tugging at the longer strands of his hair, enjoyed the way George melted into his every touch and curl of his fingertips.

Dream mindlessly reached forwards, peeking open one eye to make sure he was grabbing the exact baby blue satin robe he'd been looking for. He pulled it from it's hanger, moving the hand on George's waist to finish undoing the buttons of his shirt. His fingers clawed across the brunette's bare chest, undoubtedly leaving a soft trail of crimson in their wake.

George helped himself from there, letting the Louis Vuitton button down that Dream had gotten him fall from his shoulders to land in a small heap on the floor. Dream continued to kiss down the expanse of his neck, nibbling along the slope of his shoulder as George kicked off his shoes and did away with his own pants. It was impossible for Dream *not* to grab at his ass, eliciting a soft whimper from the boy as he sucked away at a mark that would stain mulberry soon enough.

The brunette held out his arms, ushering Dream to guide the elegant fabric over his body until it was draped securely around him. He snaked an arm around George's waist, pulling him down the aisle of clothing before landing at a section lined with scarves and ascots, pulling one with a golden sheen and decorative pattern to cinch the robe tightly around George's waist.

As he moved down further, he watched George's fingers reach out for a belt buckle that resembled his own initials. Dream nipped at the brunette's earlobe with his teeth, making the boy flinch his hand back lightly as Dream pulled the belt from it's hook. With George's waist already taken care of, Dream opted to secure the belt around George's neck as if it were a choker, making sure the double 'G' was perfectly settled in the center of his throat.

"What's the robe?" George asked as Dream turned him to face the mirror at the back of the closet, staring at his own lust ridden eyes as George ran his hands up and down the satin settling against his torso.

“Givenchy.” Dream whispered, pressing cherry red and bitten lips against the brunette’s high cheekbone.

“Mmm, and the scarf you made into a belt?” he hummed, moving to run his fingers along the intricate patterns made out of precise golds and cremes.

“Versace” the Italian name rolled off his tongue as he licked at a bruising mark he’d left under the sharp curve of George’s jaw. His viridian eyes met George’s umber gaze in the reflection of the mirror as the brunette lifted his nimble fingers to trace the curve of the gold letters pressed against the pale and mulberry bruised expanse of his neck.

“And the choker?”

“Gucci, only the best for you.” he hummed, pressing his cheek against George’s so their faces were side by side in the mirror. Equally as flushed and caught in the haze of their own little heaven that had settled in the large closet.

“I feel like it’s missing something.” George mumbled between a sigh. He reached up again, pressing his palm against Dream’s opposite cheek as he held his gaze in the mirror, smiling shyly still as they pressed so closely together.

“What else do you want, baby? Anything in this room is yours, I just want to make you feel good.” Dream cooed, squeezing his arms around George’s waist even tighter while turning his head to press another kiss against his cheek. He felt serene, having George pressed against him, being able to let his lips fall against warm skin that was smoother than any fine silk he’d ever laid his hands on.

“The ribbon... on that bag. I want that on my wrists.” George said, pulling Dream’s gaze back to the mirror until he spotted exactly what George was talking about.

A white ribbon, tied in a perfect bow while the name ‘Chanel’ lined it with even spacing and perfectly pristine lettering. Dream pulled George backwards, settling the boy on the circular velvet sofa once again, leaving him with a lingering kiss before pulling away to retrieve the satin material he’d asked for. He’d wrap George just like the present that he was, and *God* when he turned around, he saw just that.

George had situated himself in the center of the circular sofa, sitting with his back straight and his

legs crossed while he propped himself up on his hands. Dream let the smooth fabric of the ribbon slide between his fingers as he stalked back towards the edge of the couch, kneeling on one knee as he moved further onto the cushion to meet George in the middle of it.

“Give me your wrists.”

And George did so willingly, moving his weight off of them so he could hold them out already pressed together. He was *perfect*, pliant and willing to be taken care of and made to feel good and beautiful. Dream was gentle with his movements, looping the long ribbon between and around George’s wrists until they were tied together completely and sealed off with a bow. George seemed to like how it looked on him, smiling at the ribbons as he weakly pulled his wrists apart to ensure they wouldn’t separate.

“All good, baby?” Dream asked, rubbing soothing circles into George’s thighs.

George nodded eagerly, laying himself back down against the velvet that matched some of the hues painted by Dream’s own mouth all over his neck and visible shoulder where the robe draped off of him. “Make me feel good.”

And who was Dream to deny such a beautiful boy of such a beautiful request?

He helped George finish laying down, his breath catching in his throat as the brunette so graciously laid his head back and lifted his tied wrists to rest above his head. Pretty and feather-like lashes fluttered as their lips met once again, moving languidly as Dream’s fingers slipped between the sheath of the robe to graze along hidden alabaster skin and the waistline of the boxers still clinging to George’s body.

He felt George gasp into his mouth as he pulled the offending material down around the curve of his ass, swallowing the sound with a lick of his tongue and fiery bite into his strawberry lips. Savoring every flavor the beautiful boy had to offer until he could get his hand on exactly what seemed to make him mumble senseless praises.

He pulled his hand up, facing his palm to George’s mouth, which the brunette quickly licked a heavily drooled stripe up the expanse of.

“Good boy.” Dream hummed as he lowered his hand back down, wrapping it firmly around Georges hardened and leaking cock. He swirled his thumb around the tip, collecting the bead of

precum that had formed, mixing it with the spit to obtain as much smooth friction as possible for the boy below him.

Every flick of his wrist, every drag he would slow of his hand along George's cock would make him squirm and wiggle where he laid atop deep crimson velvet. The material seemed to seep into his being and color his chest with a glorious and heated flush that Dream only found even more enticingly and fashionably beautiful. With their lips messily clambering together, George used the only leverage he could actually still maneuver to wrap Dream's waist with his legs, crossing his ankles around the taller's back.

With a light tug, George pulled Dream closer with his legs, making Dream pull his hand from its work on his cock to steady himself. The brunette lifted his tied wrists and hooked them around the back of Dream's neck, pulling his face closer again until their lips were barely hovering.

"I have two requests..." he trailed off, peppering small kisses against the corner of Dream's mouth and jawline.

"Anything for you." Dream hummed, staying put to let George have some form of control when he was making requests that didn't involve essays or worksheets, nothing but two bodies and beating hearts.

"One, lube," he started, and Dream nodded quickly, "and two..." he stopped for a moment, tugging lightly with his restrained wrists around Dream's neck to kiss him once again before pulling away with a string of saliva connecting them. "I want you to leave the suit on."

Two requests Dream could *definitely* fulfill.

"Stay here, I'll be right back." he hushed, nipping at George's bottom lip with a light tug just so it would *plop* back against his smiling ivory teeth.

Dream hurriedly departed from the closet, making his way to a nightstand to grab the lube he'd promised. He knew the beautiful sight would still be there when he got back, but he still felt all breath leave his body when he walked back into the closet to see George with his feet pressed against the velvet cushions with his knees bent and back arched lightly to be on full display as he laid on the expanse of crimson wonder.

"*God*, you're stunning." Dream hummed, crawling back onto the cushions to settle between

George's open legs. The brunette caught his bottom lip between his teeth while his smile lines creased in on each other.

"Yeah? You like being called stunning?" Dream questioned, uncapping the lube to coat two fingers. "What else do you like being called?"

George only hummed and arched his back further as Dream started dragging his fingers lightly from George's knee, down the expanse of his inner thigh.

"Beautiful?" his fingers reached the thickest part of the boy's slim thighs, dragging along where the under curve of his ass began.

"Gorgeous?" he trailed them closer to the separation of George's ass cheeks, dragging his fingers upwards until they were dancing lightly around his sensitive and pink rim.

"Mine?" he spoke lowly, leaning forward to hold himself over George as his fingertips circled the tight ring of muscle, not yet pushing in. George pulled his ribbon restrained hands back up, locking them behind Dream's neck once again as he nodded excitedly.

"Yours, all yours." he drooled, giving Dream the perfect sign he needed to press his first finger in.

He was gentle and slow, absorbing the feeling of George being wrapped so tightly around him as the boy's mouth fell open at the welcomed intrusion. He'd become the perfect canvas, painted in soft pinks and reds that spilled into merlot and violet bruises, all while sheathed in perfectly pooling pastel blue and gold accents. He was flawless, the sounds he made while taking the finger entering him *so well* only helped finalize the most beautiful creation Dream had ever seen.

After a bit of thrusting, he pried at George's hole with his second finger, moving in languid and pleasurable inward strokes. George was babbling nonsense of melted "thank you's" and 'more please', and Dream, again, would be an idiot to say no to anything his muse asked of him. He began to scissor his fingers, eliciting any and every small whimper he could from the petal-like lips that melded perfectly with his own.

He knew he hit *just* the right spot when George suddenly arched his back and thrusted his hips upward, breaking away from their kiss to let out a drawled moan as he curled his fingers into the back of Dream's hair.

“There, oh my god right there. Dream, you, please...”

He chuckled lightly, pressing a kiss against George’s temple as chocolate waves curled melted into the cherry merlot velvet below. “Me?” he questioned stupidly, only if to ask for further permission for what was to come next.

“Please...” George whispered, bucking his hips upwards again.

Dream nodded, pulling his fingers from George’s taught hole and wiping them along his thigh as he visibly clenched around nothing. He remembered the request, stopping himself as he went for the remainder of the buttons on his shirt, instead letting his hands fall only to undo his belt. George was still looking up towards the ceiling, panting as he caught his breath while Dream maneuvered his own cock out of his slacks.

The fresh air and release of restraint against him felt incredible, his sensitive head leaking as he pulled it free and pulled himself out of his slacks and, admittedly Saint Laurant, boxers, making sure his suit still stayed mostly intact. He let out his own sigh of pleasure as he *finally* stroked himself, craning his neck back in relief.

And then he saw it.

He met George’s hazy eyes in the reflection of the mirror above them, the flushed boy looking fucked out already while he twisted his fingers around the ends of the ribbon’s bow and flexed and stretched his neck out while he admired the belt around his throat. Dream knew he looked ethereal, he’d made him that way on purpose, but seeing him admire himself from what Dream had made of him sent a surge of pride through his chest.

“Is that it? You’re looking at yourself?” He asked, running lube down his shaft as he bit at the inside of his cheek. George nodded in the reflection of the mirror overhead, flexing out his fingers, letting them drop the ends of the ribbon.

“I’ve never seen myself like this, I-- I didn’t think I *could* look like this.” he spoke meekly, the satin robe rising and falling with the movements of his chest as he took in a deep breath.

“You can finally see yourself how I see you,” Dream started, positioning himself at George’s entrance, letting his tip settle against the rim. George let out a small gasp, looking down from his reflection to glance between their bodies before meeting Dream’s eyes. The blonde tucked his

finger under George's chin, tilting his gaze back up towards the mirror. "a masterpiece."

He pushed the tip in, feeling it catch along the inner muscle of George's hole as the brunette let out a sultry moan, keeping his eyes wide open and focused on the image above him. After a few seconds, Dream continued to push himself in further, letting out his own groan as the drag of George's tight walls around him sent a rush of pleasure through every vein in his body, igniting like sparkling fireworks and melting him into the moment with the weight of a thousand suns.

Seeing George had always been wondrous, inhaling his comfortable aroma of a fresh cologne and the familiar lemon from his car had always been sweet and relaxing; Creating him into the envisioned masterpiece he'd fixated on for months now had felt and looked more ethereal than he could ever imagine. But the feeling of being *inside* of George, being so close to him and making his legs shake as Dream moved in and out of his body while pleasuring them both at the same time, that was euphoric.

No amount of silk running under his fingertips or expensive liquors passing his lips could ever compare to the beauty and rich desire that was the chocolate haired boy below him. Every drag of his cock inside of George felt like heaven, every kiss melted and cracked like crystalized creme brulee, words mumbled and flowing with praise that dripped like saccharine strawberry syrup as they moved.

George was sultry, he was elegance, he was everything Dream had ever desired when he saw new materials strung together to create a masterpiece that millions of people would kill to wear. And here he was, splayed out so beautifully on delicate velvet, wrapped tightly around Dream's cock while no other name left his rose petal lips, and praises were sang between pleasurable moans and hushed whimpers. Dream felt like he was ascending with every thrust of his hips, every swirl of pleasure that enraptured him as George pulled him down to seal their lips together again.

He held himself upright with one hand, the other gripping at George's hip as he continued to thrust, not caring for the mess on the crotch of his slacks that he'd have to get cleaned. He only craved to swallow more of George's sounds as he felt heat pool in his lower abdomen, threatening to let him spill deep inside of the brunette.

"Dr'm p-please, 'm so close..." George mumbled against his lips, biting at his swollen bottom lip. Dream nodded hastily, moving the hand he had gripped around George's hip to stroke the boy's neglected cock.

"Come on baby, you're so perfect, cum for me." he coaxed, moving his hand quickly while holding George's gaze, keeping their mouths separated so he could inhale every breath let out fanning across his face.

George arched his back as if it was what he'd been born to do, keening into Dream's touch, spilling milky white ribbons more glorious than the ones around his wrists. It clung to the light blue satin, staining it no doubt, but Dream could care less when such marks came from such a beautiful boy. He chased his own high, speeding up his thrusts until they turned messy and uncalculated, spilling his own release deep inside of George, painting his insides with those same ribbons of pleasure.

He couldn't find it in himself to pull out, not when their lips were sealed and their heart rates were still coming down from the high they'd achieved. They were a masterpiece, wrapped in each other more securely than any perfect piece of material could wrap one's body. It was what he'd dreamed of, what he'd craved, what he'd desired to create for *so* long.

When he did pull out, he did so with a sigh, missing the tight warmth of George being wrapped around him, making up for what was lost by slotting their lips together once again. He tucked himself back into his boxers before falling onto his back to lay next to the brunette and stare up at the reflection of their fucked out faces looking right back at them.

"Give me your wrists." he said softly, and George willingly moved his arms over for Dream to pull on the ends of the bow, letting the ribbon loosen its hold and fall delicately down George's arms. The brunette twisted his wrists around, finally free from his restraint that he'd personally asked for.

"That was the best thing I've ever experienced." George whispered, turning onto his side to face Dream, splaying his palm across the bare skin that peeked through his unbuttoned shirt.

"We can do that again, and again, and again... If you want." Dream mumbled, lolling his head to the side to meet umber eyes swimming with golden light.

"Yes please. Just, don't let me get fired. I kinda need the money for school housing."

Dream paused, bringing a hand up to tuck loose curls around George's ear and smooth his thumb along the boy's lightening in color flushed cheek. He wanted what they had right there on the velvet sofa, he wanted to have, whatever this was, reflected from every angle *just* so he could show George just how much he wanted it, wanted *them*.

"School, yeah. I promise, this stays between us, and even if my parents did find out and fire you, I'd still pay for whatever you'd miss out on." he assured, leaning in to press a soft kiss to George's lips. The brunette brought his hands up to Dream's face, caressing and holding him softly as if he

were going to break.

“What’s wrong? Your eyebrows are all scrunched up.”

Dream let out a sigh, he didn’t mean for it to sound as sad and desperate as it had, but now that he’d held the most beautiful creation right in his grasp, he didn’t want to let go. “School, once I pass these classes and get my diploma, I’m going to be leaving for New York, for school. I just-- I don’t really want this to end. Not that this *has* to be something if you don’t want it to be, but--”

“Dream.” George cut him off, nuzzling his nose against Dream’s softly before kissing against his cheek. Dream only hummed in response, relaxation spreading down his spine as soft eyelashes fluttered against his skin.

“I’m a tutor for a reason, I’m kind of good at the whole ‘school’ thing. I have scholarships, and I got into a bunch of different schools.” he started, peaking Dream’s curiosity.

“What are you saying?”

George smiled against his lips, moving to pepper kisses across his freckled cheeks, sealing his words with each movement he made. His words felt like a promise, felt like hope of a muse following an artist and letting them inspire them further and forever. They were young, of course they were young, but that only meant that that sense of excitement and adventure for a hopeful future would follow them with every step they took, or every subway train they had to ride.

“I’m saying NYU has a really great program for my major, and I’d happily follow you there any day.”

End Notes

hihihiiii

i had to put dream in a suit, after those pics? i had to. Thanks for listening to me drabble on about high end fashion and how pretty george is bc those are two of my favorite things in the world. I've always loved fashion week and seeing new collections from my favorite

high end brands. Personally, Versace has always been my favorite, and the docuseries/drama that was made called "The Assassination of Gianni Versace" is one of my favorite shows in the world. Anyways, thank u guys for reading! love and appreciate all of you!

Make sure to follow me on [twitter](#) so we can interact! I'm doing a gift card giveaway this week on there as well so if you wanna enter make sure you're following there. As always, comments and kudos make my day! <3

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!